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# The Orangeburg Democrat.

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No. 7.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

## One Thousand a Year.

And you want me to tell you whether I can live on one thousand dollars a year, or rather—as I have not been asked to do so—whether a girl can marry and live on it. I will be honest with you, as you wish this matter for publication, and state that any woman, no matter how high her position, or how elegant her education, or tastes, can live comfortably and happily on that amount, provided that she gets the right man for a husband, and that they both truly love each other after marriage.

Although young in years (pardon my not telling you the exact figures—a woman's privilege, you know,) I have studied human nature enough, and the lives of young married couples sufficiently, to feel sure that over one-half of those that marry are disappointed in each other afterwards. This is a most unfortunate state of affairs, but both are equally to blame, the one for not showing a true nature, the other for not fully understanding it, before marriage. Women, I am sorry to say, are more given to deceit before marriage than men, and brutal treatment is frequently their reward.

If girls were only more natural there would be less trouble, but women daily marry who are only dressmakers' models, and even worse—invalids, who bring to their husbands all the cares and troubles of perpetual sickness, to add to their business anxieties.

What man can respect, much less love, a woman who is a constant burden to him, and who knowingly deceives him at the altar? Before we enter the marriage state, they should be sure that their health is such that it will stand the trials that are to follow. Men rarely deceive a woman in regard to their financial ability to support her handsomely, and this is downright wicked, for it may take a girl away from a home of comfort and luxury, to live in a garret. Such marriages engender bitterness and ultimate divorce or worse.

For that reason, a man who tells a woman honestly how much he can afford to give, without building "castles in the air," which fade before the honeymoon, ought to receive her respect and confidence, for these are grand foundations to build on. I contend that no happy condition of married life can exist without them. And yet how many girls marry every week without knowing anything about their husbands, save that he is "splendid," and "so handsome," and wake to find that what they need is not a "pretty boy with a dainty moustache," but a man—a solid creation of flesh and blood, with an honest heart, a clear head and willing hands to labor for the one he loves. That is my idea of a husband.

Such a man will never willfully deceive a woman, never be guilty of the meanness that corrupts so many men's natures. It would be paradise to live with such a man on one thousand dollars a year, to existing with one on ten times that amount. This may read like romance, but it is stern reality. If girls will only take the trouble to investigate for themselves, they will see that money does not always bring happiness with it. "Happiness, our being's end and aim," as Pope so truthfully expresses it—for what is the world to a woman if her husband is not her lover, her friend, her counsellor, her reliance in the hour of trouble, the sharer of her joys when her anxieties are o'er?

But I am growing eloquent over the "good" husband; let us look on the opposite picture. Of all things most likely to ruin a woman's life, a drunken husband is the worst. I am not going into a dissertation on this subject. All I have to say is, "Girls, never marry a man who drinks, if you value your happiness." A very dear friend of mine came to me once, and said: "What do you think? I shall know of Charley when I kissed him? I immediately advised her not to marry him, for, I argued, if a man will not respect a woman enough to abstain while engaged, he will not do so after marriage. And so it proved, she thought she couldn't do without him, and so they married, and moved into an elegant mansion. He was rich, but how long did it last? Just three years and now she's a widow, with a sickly child, and lives off her parents'!

Girls, don't be afraid to test your lovers. If they are true and manly they will come out "like refined gold."

Get his opinion on all the subjects that concern your married happiness. Don't trust to his doing as you wish after marriage; you had better find out whether his likes and dislikes suit you before hand, for married life is made up of mutual concessions, and you will have to give your share of giving way, which for you that truly loves you, must be, indeed, a pleasure. Another thing, if you don't like tobacco, never marry a man who smokes and chews, for I know a woman whose husband made her life a terror to her by these disgusting practices.

I don't intend giving you any figures about this housekeeping business, for people's tastes differ. Some would be content to live in a twelve dollar house, and keep a splendid table; others would prefer a twenty dollar house, and live on plainer food.

There is no trouble about a man and wife living very comfortably on one thousand dollars a year, if the wife has any practical sense. A fool or a sloven can't do it. "How is a man going to find such a woman out?" I hear some readers exclaim, "Very easily." The fool will betray herself by her nonsensical replies to any sensible questions on this subject that you may ask her, and the sloven will exhibit her imperfections in her toilet.

A sloven's hair is never tidy or well combed; neither will she brush her teeth carefully. If she is too lazy to do these, her habits generally will be slothful, for if that which everybody can see is neglected, what can we expect of that which is hidden? An untidy girl generally has dirty ears. If she reads this, she will wash them, for a week, perhaps? A cleanly man will notice these things without being told, but a slovenly woman will not; so, as the Bible says, "Let him who is filthy, be filthy still," and so will his wife; and his children, and their children.

Goodbye, Mr. Editor, and don't consider that I have taken up too much space, for this subject is a glorious one, for it concerns the future welfare and happiness of the whole world.

## A PRACTICAL GIRL.

## Sam Houston's Duel.

A correspondent of the Bowling Green (Ky.) *Intelligencer* unearths an old plan of the vicinity who remembers all about "the sensation of the year 1826," the old man being one of the participants in the duel that caused the sensation. To settle a spat that came of hot blood, General Sam Houston, then a member of Congress from Tennessee, and General White, of Nashville, agreed that on "September 23, 1826," they would "fight a duel on the Tennessee line; time, sunrise; distance, fifteen feet; weapons, holster pistols." Houston got out of bed at 3.40 A. M., on the 23d, and, sitting in his night clothes, moulded two bullets. As the first fell from the mould a dog named General Jackson raised a triumphant howl under the window. When the second "bullet dropped a game cock crowed loud and loud from a neighboring tree. Houston, who was superstitious, cut the figure of a dog on one bullet and that of a cock on the other. The principals stood at their posts on the second and to the inch. White's lead cut a whistle through the sharp air, but Houston stood unbent. At the same instant the bullet with the dog mark, passed clean through White's body, so that a sick handkerchief was drawn from one side to the other. After the duel Houston selected as his coat-of-arms the famous "chicken cock and dog."

## An Appointed Reader.

In a Dubuque (Iowa) church, before the opening of the Sunday morning services, a man in a front pew pulled a paper from his pocket and began to read. He became so wholly absorbed that he did not observe the preacher when he rose to read the biblical lesson, nor did he hear the loud and eloquent prayer that was afterwards offered. From page to page of the paper the reader glanced, rustling the crisp sheet in his hands until every eye in the church was attracted toward him. The preacher was embarrassed and the congregation smiled and scowled, according as they thought the matter funny or sad. Finally the choir struck up the hymn, "Give ear, ye sinners, to the call," and the absorbed reader dropped his paper and gave heed.

## Trust a Boy.

During the session of the late Episcopal Convention in Boston, the Bishop of Louisiana in crossing the common, met a boy whose face he fancied, and, calling him, asked if he had any thing to do just then, to which he said: "No." "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied: "I am not a very good boy. I cuss sometimes." That candid answer inspired the Bishop with confidence, and then said, after giving him his name and address:

"I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of \$5, here is the money, to pay for it, and half a dollar which you may keep for doing the errand."

On his return the Bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again, but in half an hour the young chap returned bringing the bundle, and a receipted bill for \$8.50, the Bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half dollar?" he inquired.

"I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew that you would make it all right." And "all right" it was made, and I have no doubt the confidence that was reposed in that boy, because of his truthfulness, will do him good as long as he lives.

## Sad Penicement.

Cincinnati, Jan. 22.—There is consternation to-night among the young men about town. The Vine street opera house, a highly immoral but very enterprising variety show, has been running for a year or more in defiance of law and public opinion. Ordinances have been passed aimed directly at it, and the Mayor has withheld from it the necessary license. The managers, however, by injunctions and other sharp legal tricks, have delayed enforcement to the ordinances and continue their nightly can-can and living statues. Foreseeing trouble on the part of the authorities, Manager Suelbacker has taken the precaution to secure the names of every promising citizen of society young man who has visited his place. He has over six hundred of these and being driven to the wall sets up the claim that his theatre is moral in every respect. As he proposes to prove in court by the testimony of these six hundred prominent citizens. Fifty of them were served subpoenas to-night to appear as witnesses to-morrow. The consequence is a sudden exodus of society young men and leading citizens from the city. The morning trains will carry out so many on pressing private business that it was proposed to-night that a special car be chartered and an excursion party formed.—*St. Louis Republic*.

## Josh Billings on Marriage.

By aw! means Joe, get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch right in and stick your head under and the shiver is over. That ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel; they have been all picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awful slippery, and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for love, neither; love is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty becomingly dressed, with about \$250 in her pocket, a good speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, stiff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate and will not evaporate. If the cork happens to be left out the strength ain't gone Joe. Don't marry for pedigree unless it is backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

## Political Divorce.

Mrs. Latham, of Virginia, sued for a divorce on the ground that her husband had joined the Republican party, and she got it. Would the same privilege be extended to a Republican wife if her husband was to go over to the Democracy? It is said to be a bad rule that won't work both ways.

## Orangeburg County.

The editor of the *Southern Herald* and *State Builder*, who visited our section sometime ago, writes as follows concerning our country:

We have taken pains to examine Orangeburg, which is a splendid country. The Columbia branch of the South Carolina Railroad passes many miles through this fine country. The two towns which we have visited are Orangeburg and Branchville, both well located railroad towns. Over twelve months ago we made a hurried visit to Orangeburg, and after talking with the people about our scheme of immigration, and asking their co-operation, we went away somewhat discouraged. Among the few subscribers we then got was only one native born Carolinian. The others were Germans who had just that there. In writing about that visit soon after we said: "What do native South Carolinians mean that they do not encourage the good work? Do they mean to dry up and become fossils of the former glorious old South Carolina?" This or something else acted like poison in Orangeburg; for when we returned there, the other day nearly every live man in the place subscribed to our paper. There is life in that old town. They speak of building cotton factories; putting steamboats on their great Saluda river; and doing many other things of progress. There resides a Northern gentleman, Mr. H. Riggs, from Connecticut, in that town who, all say, is worth more than his weight in gold. It was he that raised the bale of jute which took premiums at the fairs. Mr. Riggs has lived in Orangeburg many years, and says it is a very healthful and fine climate.

Branchville, the other town we visited, is eighteen miles further south in Orangeburg county. It is at the junction of the Columbia and Augusta branches of the South Carolina Railroad. This place was once regarded as an unhealthy location; but since that place has been more thoroughly drained, it is as about as healthy as Aiken. It is a splendid site for a large town. We invited a few of the business gentlemen to hear us lecture on the State building theme one afternoon; and they invited us to repeat the lecture before a larger auditory of their citizens at night, which we did. Dr. O. H. Ott, the chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Edward Carroll, the secretary; Dr. Gressett, Mr. Fair, Mr. Jones, Mr. Berry, Mr. Bruce and others manifested much interest in the work, and are ready to arise and go to building, and getting others to come and help, till they turn their town into a city. Mr. Dukes is about ready to commence a Clement cotton factory in town.

## A Sad Scene.

A man falls from a scaffold. The reporter hastens to the spot and pushes his way to the man's side. "My life voyage is nearly ended," whispered the dying man, as he held the reporter's hand. "My soul, like an unfinished craft, is being swept from its earthly mooring, and carried out into the great pathless ocean of eternity. Oh, how unprepared I am for this journey! How my spirit shrinks from embarking upon that silent, solemn sea! I have a wife and beautiful child who will mourn my absence; and now that I see no future, nothing but the dark impene trable shadow of death, which will soon hide me from earthly eyes, the world looks more beautiful, and I long—oh, how I long to stay. Good-bye, good—farewell. Pre—prepare for this—." His head dropped. "Courage, courage," whispered the reporter, while tears as big as hickory nuts clasped each other down his nose: "but business is business. Courage," he whispered, "how—how do you spell your name?"

## A Border Romance.

Mex Lyman, a prairie agent, who lived at the White River agency a year and a half and knew the Meekers intimately, tells this story to a reporter of the *Dubuque Times*: Ouray was in love with the eldest daughter of Agent Meeker, and I think had not this been the case every one of the Meeker family would have been butchered. He often told me that he loved the white girl, and it made him feel badly to think that he could never marry her. I have seen Ouray follow her round and watch over her as if she was a child. He would do anything to please her. Ouray's sister knew that her brother loved the Meeker family, and so took good care that no harm should come to them. I was there when the women were brought back, and Ouray was so happy that he rushed up to the Meeker girl and shook her hand for an hour. He tried hard to stop her from weeping, but said, "Ouray you know that this trouble was coming all the time, and I can never forgive you."

A strange murder and suicide occurred a few weeks ago at Rosau, in Zurich. A man, whose wife had left him on account of his violent conduct, had followed her to her father's house, fired right and left at the inmates, killing the father, discharged the remaining barrels of his revolver at the people who tried to arrest him, then defended himself with a pitchfork, and at the last moment the police had succeeded in depriving him of this weapon, which was not done before he had severely wounded several of his assailants, he drew a knife, cut his throat from ear to ear and fell dead on the spot.

## What Revived Him.

"They want you to come around the corner to No. 11, to shave a man that has gone blind," whimpered a little boy, as he opened the door of the barber's shop, and showed the half of a very smutty face, with one sinister eye in it. The barber lathered the deceased, and dreaming—dreaming that he had been awarded the professorship of the long-suffering, in some celebrated college, and forgetting that the man was dead and not in a mood just then to talk, remarked: "Remarkable winter weather this. Does the razor hurt you, sir?" and continued shaving, when suddenly the dead man raised himself up in bed and exclaimed: "Ha, ha, ha—that voice—the only thing that could arouse me from this stupor that resembles death, because it was that voice threw me in the trance—ha, ha, ha. Oh, how I have waited to hear that voice again! For three days I have been on this bed; I could hear people come and go, and the days go down under the hills and the nights come hurrying up with their troops of stars, and every instant I listened for the only voice that could save me from the grasp of this trance monster. Four days ago—it seems ages—I was shaved in your shop. I ventured to remark that it was a fine mapping, at which you commenced to talk and continued talking. I staggered home in a daze, and fell asleep. Now, barber, go on shaving, but don't speak unless you want to throw me back into the old trance and lose me forever. The barber tied a towel around his mouth, shaved his customer, and tipped back to his shop, contrite in spirit and a reformed man.

## A Sad Scene.

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## Didn't Like Fashionable Customs.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *Observer* relates that in the vicinity of Apex, a few days ago, there was a grand wedding among the colored folks. After the ceremony had been concluded in handsome style, the groom, who resided in another part of the country, put his bride in a wagon, and prepared to take her to his home. At this stage of the proceedings a darkey, who had traveled, and said he knew a thing or two about the customs of elegant white folks, stated that it was always the style to throw shoes after the bride as she was driving off. The idea took immensely. As the happy couple moved away from the door the darkeys jerked off their shoes and hurled them at the vehicle. One darkey, who was the possessor of a No. 15 foot, threw a shoe with too unerring aim. The great missile flew through the air, and striking the bride's skull, knocked her senseless to the bottom of the wagon. The groom jumped out and gave the thrower of the shoe a thrashing, and cursing civilized customs with all his heart.

A Boston lady, whose husband was frequently afflicted with nightmare, was one night awoken by a noise, and to her horror saw her husband sitting up in bed saying in a whisper: "Now I have him, he can't escape," and pointing his pistol at an imaginary burglar. His finger was on the trigger and he was aiming directly at the ger head of the baby in its cradle. Quick as lightning, his wife said in a low tone: "Two low! aim higher!" He raised the pistol, she snatched it from his hand and the danger was over.

## A Child's Request Granted.

A little waif away down in Maine wrote a letter and placed it in a glove which she had been knitting for a manufacturing firm. It was found by one of the galesmen of a Chicago fancy goods house, and was read aloud to his associates. It ran: "I am a little girl only eight years old. My name is Cora Norwood. I live in Bucksport, Me. I knit these gloves for eight cents a pair. I wish the gentleman who knits them would send me a wax doll for a Christmas present as I want one very bad." The clerks immediately purchased a splendid wax doll and forwarded it to her by the United States express. The way bill was filled as follows: "Consignors, Keith Bros. & Co., Chicago, Ill." Address, "Cora S. Norwood, Bucksport, Me. Collect—nothing. Prepaid with love. Remarks: Be happy." Across the face of the bill was written: "The letter pasted on this way bill is a request found in a pair of gloves, and this box contains the desired wax doll being the gift of the employees of the firm selling the gloves. Please let this way bill go through and be delivered with the doll. Those who handle the way bill may lodge on the back their Happy New Year. B. Schermerhorn, Agent." When the young lady received her doll the way bill bore testimony to the good wishes of the transfer clerks all along the line.

## To a Young Lady.

You think you love the young man who is coming this Sunday night to visit you. Suppose he declares himself, and asks you to become his wife. Are you prepared to say to him, "I love you and will trust you through life with my happiness and the lives and weal of our children?" He is jolly, gay and handsome, and all the girls of Cupid are twinkling and sparkling in his eyes, but will those eyes always find expression from the love of a true soul? To-night he says many pleasant things and draws many pretty pictures for the future. Does he go to-morrow to a work which gives promise of a full fillment of your desire in life? Do his ambitions and achievements satisfy you? Does his every-day life shine with the noble endeavors of a most worthy man? If you think and desire a companion in your thinking—one who can unlock the depths of your mind, to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and morality? Is he doing all he can to build future usefulness and happiness in which you can share and feel blessed? These are questions which the experience of after years make many women weep in the bitterness of soul that they were not thought of before they answered "Yes."

## A Peddler's Love.

For a couple of years a young lady belonging to a well known family in this city has been annoyed by the receipt of numerous letters, whose author expressed unbounded admiration for her. These letters were written from various points, and some of them professed to be in answer to missives from the young lady herself. One was received the other day dated "Memphis," and the young lady's brothers, who had been quietly tracing the paper of one Jacob Bernstein, who happened to be appearing the holidays in the city. It was on investigation, shown that the poor fellow was more to be pitied than blamed. He confessed that he had seen her on the streets, and became infatuated, that he had written the letters in obedience to a resistless impulse. He promised that if released he would leave Memphis at once and give no further annoyance. This satisfied the family, and the love-lorn peddler departed.—*Memphis Appeal*.

A number of colored people who had gone from this state to Kansas, returned last night on the south-bound passenger train over the Central road. They numbered thirty-three, men, women and children, and had gone from Washington county. They stopped at Parsons, and were thoroughly disgusted with the country and the promises that had been held out to them, and were glad to get back. Sandy Osborn, who appeared to be the leader, said that those of his race who could, were leaving ever day, and there was great suffering among those who remained.—*Dallas (Texas) Herald*.

## A Lawyer's Peroration in Behalf of a Female Client.

A lawyer in Cleveland, Ohio, was defending a very handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion: "Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eye on the matchless beauty of this peerless maiden, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of luscious loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy, but could not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale, and the diamonds of Israel are dim, and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty and gentleness could expose itself to the terrors of an empty building, in the cold, damp dead of night, when innocence like her's is hiding itself among the pillars of repose—gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invited to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give! (Gentlemen, you may hang the ocean on a grape-vine to dry, lasso an avalanche; pin a napkin to the mouth of a volcano; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; throw salt on the tail of our noble American eagle, whose sleepless eye ever watches over the welfare of the nation; paste "For Rent," upon the moon and stars—but never for a single moment delude yourselves with the idea that this charming girl is guilty of the charge preferred against her."

The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

## A Country One in Town.

She is charmingly fresh, wholesome little body, is this miss from the country; a flower of the field contrasting agreeably with the flowers of the garden among which she is found. Her coloring is delicious. The country air and the country sun, not to refer her effect of prettiness to the wholesome country life, have given her a peach-bloomy face that is all in harmony with her blue eyes and corn silk hair. It is not her fault that the good Mother Nature, under whose special care she has been reared, has dealt less kindly with her feet and hands; that these, by liberal use, have gained in extent at the cost of the finish—the feet losing the arching instep as they have grown unruly in breadth and length, the hands, likewise expanding with a stumpy abruptness in perfectly developed nails. . . . Certain it is. That the strangeness of surroundings constrains her to adopt a habit of troublesome reticence that is not a little pitiful to contemplate; a habit that renders any attempt at converse with her a matter of rare difficulty, not to be overcome save by one possessing an unusual amount of tact and much kindness of heart.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## The Farmer as a Citizen.

Judge George, of Starkville, Miss., speaking of the farmer as a citizen, says: "I think the influence of agriculturists ought to be increased in public affairs. I would not like to see legislature composed exclusively of farmers and mechanics, nor would it be for the public good that there should be no representatives of these interests in that body. There should be it every legislature men skilled in the laws of the state; there ought also to be there an influential body of men connected with the leading industries of the State, familiar with the wants and wishes of the great mass of the people. If they should draft no laws, if they should inaugurate no new and improved policies, still there would be that, in the very atmosphere in which such a body of men move which will influence beneficially the action of the legislature."

When you see a man with a gun on his shoulder and three dogs at his heels making across the country, you needn't feel bad for the rabbits. He'll miss a cow or two, find a few frozen apples, fall into a creek, and return home, believing he has had a thundering good time.